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pleased than to writhe under the thought thereof. I have not grace sufficient.

This morning, as I sat idle before the spinning-wheel, Philip sent a messenger, saying: "Come, for I have a great longing to speak with thee!" I ran in great speed the whole way, and came into the room where he lay. His countenance was of a color white like marble, and the fever had left him as a child for weakness. He made with his hand a motion that many who watched beside him should stand back, and when I came so close by him, he whispered, "There hath been a grievous mistake, Hope Allerton! I *love* and have *loved* none other than thee. Wilt thou wear again my ring?" I was not able at once to answer, because of a sudden swelling within my throat; yet on account of that which he saw in my face, he put underneath his pillow his hand, and, drawing forth the ring, put it again upon my finger. Then those who stood by whispered among themselves that if he were near death it was not right that he should longer let his mind be exercised over this thing; yet I can not think God would be wroth even were Philip in his last hours; for surely the bringing of light and peace into a soul can not be an evil work. Moreover, I would fain have kissed him, for I forgot the company about, but Aunt Priscilla led me away, saying it was not fitting for a maiden to stay longer. I looked back, being upon the door-stone, and I saw his face "as if it had been an angel's." I feel it borne in to me that he will die; but he is *mine* now—it may be I can give him unto my God, if never to any one else—*mine!—mine!*

Through much pain Philip has passed from this life into a better.

October 2nd. Prudence Tinker found me this morning weeping, and asked of me wherefore. I answered, "Do I not know that underneath this spot Philip Mather lies?" She answered with little softness, that "It is as likely to be some one else as he, seeing the ground is leveled so that not one grave is known from another." She knew not that I had assurance of the very spot; for on that day they buried him I measured by steps each way from the elm-tree and the great rock.

November 5th. I have a grievous pain in my side, and a weary cough. I can not spin as I have done beforetimes; it resteth me much to think of Philip sleeping.

10th. We are compassed about with sorrows. We are sore pressed by trouble in this dreary new land. My heart longeth for the better country.

December 2nd. The day is far spent; the night is at hand. I shall soon go out through the gate of darkness; but I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that soon it shall be well with me.

After this is a blank leaf. Doubtless the Death Angel wrote *Finis* thereon; and so, for more than two centuries, the pale anemones may have blossomed over the maiden from beyond the sea, who laid her head to rest in the Pilgrim's land.

—*Annette L. Noble.*

BIRTHPLACE OF THE "ZAUBERFLÖTE."

From the German.

LEAVING the narrow, habitually crowded Kärnthner Street of Vienna, and crossing the sculptured Elizabeth Bridge, we come, on the further side of the blue Danube, and to the right of the bridge, upon a long, low, rambling mansion, bearing upon its crumbling walls unmistakable traces of departed splendors: it still, at the time we write, bears the name of the Starhemberg House. Standing upon an extensive plateau, and built in truly extravagant style, so far as superfluity of room is concerned, it nevertheless lacks that appearance of comfort and elegance which modern civilization demands; and in man's strange unthankfulness, it has ruthlessly been doomed to be razed to the ground. And yet the discarded old house is not without its historic association; for within its walls, one of the greatest masters of harmony composed that inimitable opera, "Die Zauberflöte" (Magic Flute), which excited such extraordinary enthusiasm throughout Germany, and the echoes of which still reverberate.

Early in the spring-time of 1791, the theatrical manager, Emanuel Schikaneder, gave Mozart, whose acquaintance he had made some eleven years previous in Salzburg, a commission to write an opera for his theatre, the musical reputation of which had been considerably on the wane, during the past few years, for want of proper talent and due attention. Mozart was of the opinion that a *German* opera might be hazarded. Time upon time he had expressed his disapproval at the firm hold which the Italian opera had upon the mind of the public, and his heart and soul yearned to be the first to pave the way for a more national order of music. "Ah!" he writes in a letter to the director, Anton Klein, of Mannheim: "If there were but a single patriot upon the boards, what sanguine success might we not anticipate? If my countrymen, instead of simply speaking and writing in their mother tongue, would but learn to *sing* in it as well, then our humble little stage, just sprouting up, might blossom and bear fruit over night!" Notwithstanding this burst of enthusiasm, Mozart was at first extremely reluctant to undertake the new commission; but the imploring earnestness of the director, and possibly his own pecuniary difficulties, overcame his scruples. Ever since the death of his patron, the Emperor Joseph, the court had shamefully neglected to remunerate their worthy chapel-master, and it seems natural that he should have grasped at the chance which was now offered to him, and dreamed of ample compensation. But alas for his hopes! It was unfortunately a dead low tide in the pockets of Schikaneder, and the only remuneration he was willing or able to offer was a hundred ducats, agreeing, also, that Mozart might retain the sole privilege of selling his opera to other theatres in Germany. To this last half of the contract, however, the wily director did not adhere, for not only did he dispose of the opera and fill his pockets with the proceeds, but he left the needy musician, who had spent his declining energies in its composition, without further compensation, to struggle on in almost abject poverty! Truly modest in his demands was the great composer by the side of some of his modern brethren; and even more sublime in his charity than these, for beyond an exclamation of righteous anger he never again alluded to the director's treachery!

It was the aim of Schikaneder to bring the new opera upon the stage as expeditiously as possible, and he magnanimously exerted himself to find a place of retreat in which Mozart should be at liberty to work without undue interruption. His efforts were speedily rewarded, for a secluded spot in the midst of charming natural scenery was placed at his disposal. In the old-fashioned garden which hedges in the wide courtyard of the Starhemberg House, a small, tasteful pavilion, overlooking the mossy grounds, full of winding paths and flower-beds, shaded beneath wide-spreading trees, was fitted up for the composer; and amid nature's sweet, unspoken sympathy his hermit life began, and to the undercurrent of his fantastic reveries the May breeze played its weird, poetic accompaniment.

Once accepting his task, Mozart faithfully set to work, and it was while composing the "Zauberflöte" that his health first began to give way. Such was the intense excitement of his mind during its composition, at which he worked so unremittingly, by day and night, interrupted by frequent intervals of unconsciousness, that the greater part of it was finished by July; then, indeed, the strain upon his health became too great, and he was obliged to suspend his labors upon it for a season. In the brief interval of rest (?) however, he produced, on his journey to Prague, his opera "Titus," and later, his inspired "Ave Verum," that masterpiece of musical conception and delicate arrangement, which ranks high among his finest works, and which bears unmistakably the stamp of his most characteristic genius.

On the 30th of September, 1791, the "Zauberflöte" was first brought before the Austrian public. The Schikaneder Theatre, which was merely a plain, wooden structure, has long since disappeared; but a play-bill, announcing the first presentation of the new opera, is still preserved, and shows with what a flourish of trumpets the worthy director sets forth his extraordinary claims to public admiration. In flaming colors he announces as follows: "First appearance of the 'Zauberflöte!' a great opera in two acts, by Emanuel Schikaneder." Then follow the *dramatis personæ*, and by whom they were represented, and finally, at the bottom of the page, in small, modest type: "The music for the occasion is by Herr Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, royal chapel-master and composer. Herr Mozart, out of respect to an appreciative public, and in friendship to the *author of the great play*, will personally direct the orchestra!"

The success of the opera was at first small; but it rose rapidly into favor after two or three representations, when its transcendent merits first began to dawn upon the ears of the "appreciative public," which is sometimes sadly deaf to real merit.

Soon the spot where the "Zauberflöte" first breathed its wondrous secrets will have entirely vanished from the traveler's curious gaze; and where the wild songsters twittered in the shady grove, only the noisy rumble of wheels and the clatter of hoofs upon the pavement will resound far and wide. But thanks to some humane admirers of Mozart, the little wooden structure in which he toiled so laboriously will be preserved for future generations.

After the death of the composer, it was left to fall into decay; but in the year 1862, by the timely intervention of the Count Camillo Rüdiger von Starhemberg, it was happily rescued from such an untimely fate. Later, when the old Starhemberg estate was put up for sale, the International Mozart Society of Salzburg offered a liberal price for the little dwelling; and, since the count has agreed to their proposal, it will be at once removed, and will in the future grace the native city of the great Master of Harmony, of whom no monument exists save his own inimitable productions. The coming summer will find the little house newly erected, yet in olden form, beneath the shade trees of the Mirabell Garden in Salzburg.

—*Miss E. C. Gildemeister.*

STUDENT LIFE ABROAD.

STUDENT life is so different a thing here from student life at home, that we have, ever since entering the ring abroad, enjoyed its freedom, its fun, and also its romance, with a zest unknown to those of our comrades who have been accustomed to seeing this system all their lives, and looking forward to becoming one of the fraternity from their childhood. We boys at home think—"When I am a man!" Here a boy thinks—"When I am a student!" and gazes admiringly at the little embroidered caps, the high boots, and formerly the swords dangling at the side.

Much of the mystery and romance is fading away; yet still a slight halo illumines every cap; at least, to the eyes of those who are not yet old enough to enter the coveted circle—to the eyes of the young ladies, and to the eyes of strangers. Since Jack and I settled ourselves, we have formed many friends among our fellows, and some right good fellows are among them, full of mad pranks and nonsense which we enjoy as heartily as may be. Many a night we leave our books, and after a glass or two of beer at some favorite rendezvous, proceed to make what the German students call a "*gansen marsch*" (goose march) through the silent old town, rousing the echoes and the police—rearranging the signs of the sleeping shop-keepers—disturbing the peace all possible. No doubt it is very reprehensible, but it serves as an outlet for our feelings, and does no real harm.

It is singular, but the townspeople seem to have a spite against us students, always. What if we do sing under their windows occasionally, or upset the order of their door-plates? Why can they not take it in good part and be civil all the same? Even the police resent being beaten now and then, as if they do not beat us every chance they get!

Not long since a party of our comrades left for a neighboring city, being appointed to sing in a grand concert to be held there. Their adventures were related to us by one of their number on their return.

The first half day of the journey was uneventful. They were in the cars. At noon they transferred to a steamer. As it was early autumn weather, they did not find it over warm on the open deck; and to make the cabin accommodate the thirty, with every one smoking, was intolerable even to them. After some effort at keeping warm quietly, they formed into parties and began to dance, whistling by way of music. The captain became alarmed for the safety of his deck, as the students brought down their heels without mercy. He pleaded for quiet and suggested that anything else was preferable in the way of exercise. Then, they being the most amiable and accommodating fellows in the world, proceeded to play at "leap-frog." The captain was dismayed, and again ventured a protestation; upon which they inquired if they should resume the dance, as it was out of the question for them to stand still. He could suggest nothing, only he did protest against the dance or the "leap-frog:" anything else that they pleased. After a short parley they formed in line and started on a quick march round the deck. The captain probably concluded that it was the least of many evils to let them run. They soon after landed, and he was re-